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"Getting Plenty of Sex,
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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

omen

VOLUME 17, NUMBER 7
DECEMBER 7, 2001

layout & editing

Shaun Boyle	pirated <i>Bagger Vance</i> DVD
Beth Day	shiny new sled
ChristineFernsebner Eslao	a big-ass Toblerone
Dorian Gittleman	plush Zole doll
Sasha Horwitz	Respect
Zak Kauffman	BBQ Chicken & Feta
Mathew Montgomery	<i>Half-Life 2: WTF U LLAMA</i>
Jeffrey Paternostro	Silicon Graphics computer
Michael Benni Pierce	Div III luvin'
Rosalina Valdez	plush Sully doll
Michael Zole	an X-Box... NOT!

Cover by Christine Fernsebner Eslao
Back Cover by Shaun Boyle



WHAT I DID TO MAKE
IT GO DOWN WAS FUN.

ATTRIBUTED TO
ROSALINA VALDEZ

to submit

Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to ajm99@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box
at the bottom of the next page
before submitting.

FROM THE EDITOR



Earlier this week, I received the following e-mail from an old friend of mine. It read, and I quote, "Dear Friend: The Winnebago. You've heard the myth now see the man. Or as it were, the Winnebago. It entered my life one and one half years ago, ran for 5 months, and now I must say my final farewell. It will also be the final time I will admit to owning a 1974 Winnebago Brave. I welcome those who have access to cameras to document this event. Of course, if confronted with this 'evidence,' I will merely smile and say, 'Amazing what you cant do with Photoshop these days isn't it?' or something to that effect. The Winnebago has touched each one of us, and countless others, in significant or insignificant ways. Please come and share these last moments that I have with her." The time and place were named, and a road trip was in order.

On the way to see the Winnebago, I couldn't help but think about this occasion, and its meaning, in the truest sense of the word. For you see, this Winnebago belonged to the one and only Mark Hugo. Many of you don't know Hampshire College alum Mark Hugo, and it is for you that I write this article. Mark Hugo is a man without limits. A man who lets nothing hold him back. If he thought of it, he did it. It was as simple as that. For the two years that I knew him while he finished his studies here, to the last year and a half that I've known him since he's graduated, he has never once let me down. Always a trooper, and never a willing fighter in a losing battle, Mr. Hugo made life interesting ... or extremely dangerous, depending on his mood.

August, 2000: After finishing Hampshire in the spring of 2000, Mark purchased a 1975

Winnebago Brave on E-Bay in "fair running condition" for \$3000. It represented the boy's post-college dream. The Winnebago was both a home away from home and a vehicle to travel in. It gave him a house on wheels: a perfect solution to needing both a car and a place to stay after getting out of school.

The only problem with buying a \$3000 Winnebago is the fact that a \$3000 Winnebago doesn't seem likely to run for very long. In the case of this particular Winnebago, it ran pretty well when Mark first purchased it, but five months later, it did not run any longer. In fact, it proceeded to sit, in Mark's parents' house's driveway for about a year, on concrete blocks. The Winnebago, which had given so much happiness at first, was now only a constant reminder of a dream that had ended.

Mark attempted to ignore what had happened to the Winnebago by fleeing to California for a while. This helped to get his mind away from things for the time being, but when he found himself coming back to the east coast, there it still was, waiting for him. The Winnebago had not budged. Mark was going to have to face a fallen dream ...

And then, as if out of the blue, I received the e-mail. Mark Hugo, a man destined for greatness, was going to finally allow the dream to pass on. For a moment as meaningful as this, I had to be present. So, when the fateful day came, the car was loaded up with myself and four others, and we trekked down into the construction-filled state of Connecticut to see exactly what would take place under the full moon ...

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE, FORMER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MORE ON PAGE 18

policy

SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

HEROQUEST IS NO MATCH FOR ELFQUEST

There are not enough reviews of literature in the Omen. It's mainly movies and music. So I am here to continue the trend begun by Nick Moen and talk about comics (actually, I had the idea first, and his article was partly inspired by me, but he wrote it down first).

I like the medium of comics. It blends words and pictures, and when done well takes the best of both worlds to new levels. There are some very cool things that can be done in comics that can't be done in prose, or even in movies (another blend of words and pictures). However, I dislike the current state of the industry of comics, and the majority of the content. You know what I mean- Marvel, DC, superheroes. Instead, I read almost exclusively small press stuff, and many of those presses are so small that they consist of one person.

I know a lot of people who read mainstream comics, and I often get to listen to them talk. This has helped me to clarify exactly what it is I don't like about mainstream comics.

Most of these dislikes stem from the fact that these comics are produced by corporations. What happens is this: someone has an idea. Then it goes through a bunch of editors. Then it gets published. It's written by the creator for a while. But the creator doesn't own it, the company does. Then they switch artists. Then they switch writers. Then they won't allow a storyline for political reasons. Then they switch writers again. By this point,

the characters of the series are not at all the same as they were in the beginning. And they haven't changed in some natural form of "character development" either- they just change, suddenly, when the new writer comes on. By this point as well, things are occurring that directly contradict earlier events in the series. Also, the series has become part of a "universe" that contains all 200 titles published by the company. It also has three spin-off serieses (serieses, serii, what's the plural of series?). Then there's a big cross-over story arc. And then the corporation decides to "reset continuity" which is where they declare that a whole bunch of things which have happened, actually never happened. Then two years later they change continuity again, reinstating some of the things they earlier erased and erasing other things. After fifty years of this, no one can remember what happened and what didn't, and the character who was 30 in 1950 New York City is now 30 in 2000 New York City, has been brought back from death five times, and had two kids, one of whom was taken away in a continuity shift, even though his granddaughter is still alive, and ten years younger than him, because he's still 30.

Okay, so some of that is a slight exaggeration- he's probably only been killed and revived four times, and the granddaughter part is, luckily, something that's unlikely to occur. But other than that it's fairly accurate. And I don't like it.

BY CATHARINE BELL WETTEROTH, CONTRIBUTOR

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For one thing, I dislike the continuity shifts. If something happened, it happened- it shouldn't be erased, just because some editor chooses to erase it. Also, the "continuity" is often contradictory, both because it is held in the minds of so many people, and because of the time spans involved. Over fifty years, with more than ten writers, anything is guaranteed to have inconsistencies. But the solution to that is to prevent inconsistencies in the first place, not erase them by shifting continuity. There are some people who don't mind, or even like, continuity shifts, but I detest the whole concept. I guess it's just a base philosophical orientation, like whether you think humans are fundamentally good or evil.

I especially dislike the constant shifts in the characters' personalities. They change their behavior for each new writer, and often in each new storyline. This leads them to be flat, rather than real. How can anyone relate to them, when they change like the wind?

Some of my dislikes are content ones, such as not enjoying the fact that superheroes almost never stay dead. I think it cheapens the emotional impact of death in the storyline. When almost everyone returns from death, someone's death doesn't have emotional meaning. I see someone die in a superhero comic, and instead of being shocked or sad, I just think, "Oh, doesn't matter, they'll be back." Thus, death becomes meaningless and inconsequential, and a major force is removed from the universe of the story. This lessens the number of themes they can address, and the import of the work.

Also, basically all mainstream comics have sucky art.

As I said, most of these dislikes stem from the corporate nature of the comics industry. The corporate ownership of a story is why the shifts in writers occur, and why the incredibly extended, and thus inconsistent and bloated, titles occur (see, this way I don't say serieses or serii again). It is also why the incessant cross-overs in the "universe" happen. And the spin-offs. And the resurrections. I mean, why kill Superman when he generates so much revenue? Because if you hype the death issue, more people will buy it. But you can't leave him dead, then the income will cease- so he comes back to life, the series continues, and the money still flows. Spin-offs? Hey, they'll sell. Three Superman titles make three times as much money. A cross-over? Well, if you do a Superman/X-Men cross-over, fans of both titles will buy it, and voila!- more money! If something still sells, sure, keep the title going for fifty years - keep generating inconsistencies and keep doing continuity shifts. Just don't stop publishing, no matter what (unless no one buys). And since the corporation owns the character and concept, they can fire and hire writers, and keep titles even after writers quit or die.

I can't explain why the audience remains so large when the art and writing are generally so poor. Part of it is that a large portion of comics are aimed at middle school boys- a group not known for having high standards

in art or writing style. This is also part of why superheroes are so stupid- and so muscled, unless they're women, in which case they are skinny with huge (did I mention HUGE?) breasts.

The concept of comics as something for 13 year old guys has crept deep into our culture, and still refuses to fully leave. There isn't a huge market for good comics, since many people have such prejudice against the entire medium. Thus, good comics don't sell very well, and so many of the small publishers have very short lives. It's an even worse market to break into than indie music.

However, there are some good comics out there. I will now discuss my four favorites, and how they differ from the picture I presented of mainstream comics.

First I will deal with Sandman, because it is the only one of the four published by a large corporation, and has occasionally suffered

from that fact. Sandman was written by Neil Gaiman, and published by DC. It was one of those rare birds in mainstream comics, a series created

DEATH BECOMES MEANINGLESS AND INCONSEQUENTIAL, AND A MAJOR FORCE IS REMOVED FROM THE UNIVERSE OF THE STORY.

and written by one person, with a limited plot planned from the beginning, rather than the usual haphazard accumulation of story material wrought by multiple minds. The series ran for 75 issues, with the occasional special story in a holiday anthology or something. It featured the Endless, anthropomorphic personifications of univer-



Section ZOLE



WORLD WIDE WHAT-THE-FUCK?

BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST

I think it would be fair to say that Hampshire has a pretty healthy Computer Sciences department. Well, technically we don't have departments. How about this: Hampshire has a bunch of students who do computery stuff who all tend to take the same classes, and a bunch of professors who teach these classes. I guess I consider myself one of those students, even though I don't play Starcraft. And these people do a lot of neat stuff, from really confusingly high-level artificial intelligence to surprisingly good computer graphics and animation.

But one thing that stands out is the web design. Not to

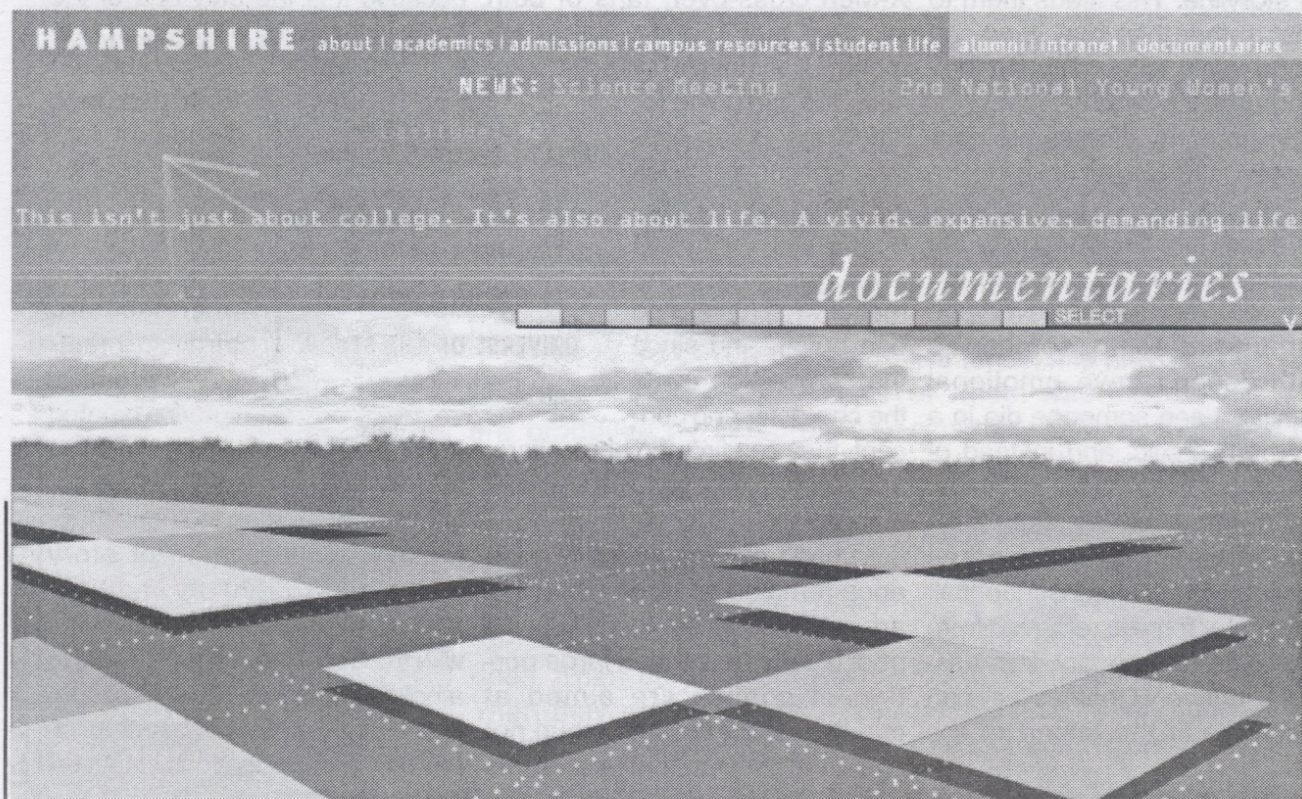
kiss ass, but Hampshire. Sure, grep.hampshire.edu is the bee's knees. Spearheaded by Jared Benedict, grep is now the best resource for anything happening on campus. Open-submission news, a complete searchable Hampshire course catalog, contact information for every office – it's just plain useful. It also has the benefit of an attractive, consistent design, even if the logo is oddly reminiscent of Mickey Mouse.

So it came as a surprise to me when Hampshire's Web Task Force (made up of individuals who seem to know what they're doing) started bringing in web design firms to design a new web site for

Hampshire. Sure, Hampshire's current site is dull, has a confusing structure, and has a lack of useful information (not to mention the dead links that keep popping up), but a total redesign struck me as unnecessary. Hiring an outside firm seemed even more unnecessary, because of the wealth of design skill right on campus. But I didn't bother to go to any of the design firm presentations, or e-mail the Task Force to put in my two cents on what Hampshire's web site needs. I don't know why. I guess I was lazy.

I'm regretting it now: today I saw the mock-up of the new Hampshire site, and it is an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



The new site mock-up. I can see my Div III from here!

There is a natural order to one's first semester experience. The first semester, as planned by Jesus and L. Ron Hubbard one afternoon over a Mochachino, is meant to be a time of solitude and loneliness, one of fear and self-loathing. Meals during the first semester are intended as awkward quests for places to sit. While friendships may be established, they should be superficial, and based primarily on fear of loneliness, not on any true emotions. When encountering older students, the first year's demeanor should be groveling and without confidence in their own self worth. Your nights as a first year are meant to be spent alone in your room, either doing work, watching TV, or weeping gently to the sounds of your neighbors humping like Great Danes

However, this beautiful system, which has served us so well thus far, is currently being disrupted by a new brand of first year, one that I have chosen to label the Uppity Bastards. Your Uppity Bastard ventures out of his or her room without fear, strikes up relationships (both emotional and physical) on a regular basis, and in all other respects acts as if they were comfortable and confident in their environment. Even more dangerously, the Uppity Bastard does not wait until they can get classes before they begin pursuing there area of study (an

area of study which they do not wait the customary 4 semesters to decide upon). No, the Uppity Bastard forms independent projects (often with the help of fellow Uppity Bastards whom they have prematurely bonded with) so that they can begin the learning process immediately, setting themselves on a course which may wind up preparing them for a four year graduation (although if the Uppity Bastard's bravado is to be believed, they will be filing div2 at the end of their second semester).

I do not know where these sons and daughters of uppity bitches have come from, but they have descended upon Hampshire in droves. The current crop of first years is not the same as normal first years. They have confidence and drive, they date, they participate in conversations with older students, and they do not

cower. In short, they are jerks, and their end goal is to make the rest of us look bad.

If you do not believe me, let me

give you an example of an Uppity Bastard I have become acquainted with this year. In order to protect his identity I will not reveal his true name, and will instead refer to him as Sasha Horowitz, J212, x4637. Sasha is a first year, and in my opinion constitutes an Uppity

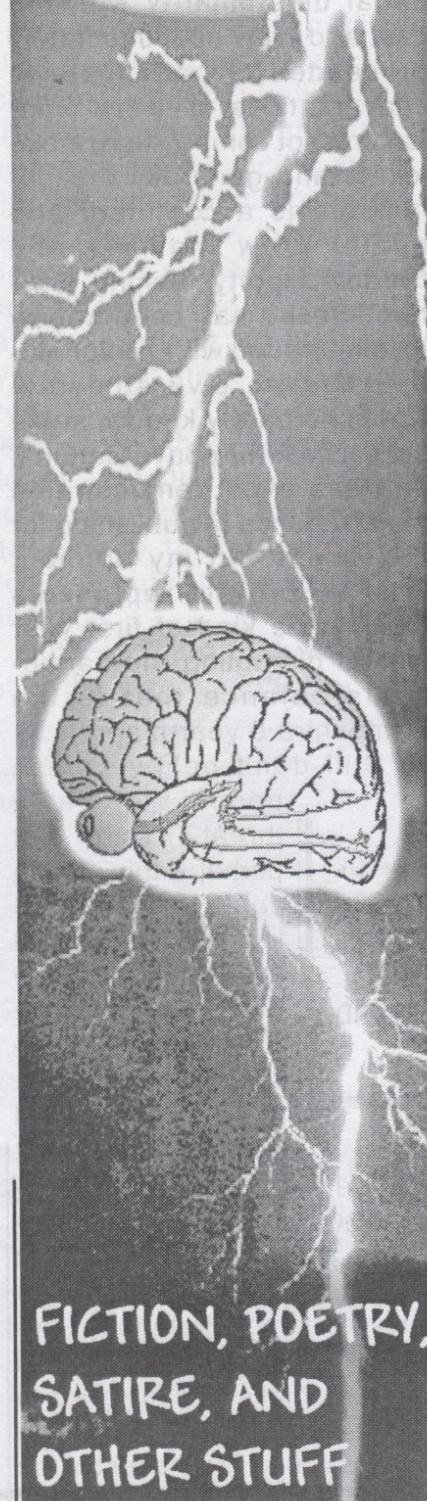
Bastard. I have worked with Sasha on several video shoots this semester, and despite his initial unfamiliarity with the cast and crew he immediately proceeded to participate in conversations, give his opinion on shot composition, make jokes, and generally present himself as a confident and useful crew member and friend. Uppity fucking Bastard. Sasha has been known to joke around with senior students (even div3 students) whom he barely knows, strike up successful conversations, and has even demonstrated the arrogance of publishing for the Omen. In my opinion, Sasha Horowitz represents exactly the kind of first year who is disrupting the harmonious balance that is the Hampshire 5 year plan.

Still don't believe these people to be a threat? Think that perhaps this Sasha cock sucker is an isolated case? Well think again. They're everywhere. Uppity Bastards at Hampshire include people like Michael Sherard, an activist

who in his first semester has established himself as having focused political beliefs and an intelligent concept of how to publicly demonstrate these beliefs. Apparently, Michael Sherard thinks he's too good to go to Umass and burn the American flag like the rest of the

THE CURRENT CROP OF
FIRST YEARS IS NOT
THE SAME AS NORMAL
FIRST YEARS. THEY
HAVE CONFIDENCE AND
DRIVE.

SECTION LIES



CHAOS BUSH

BY NICK WELLS, CONTRIBUTOR

From news correspondent Chet Raymo, in Washington DC. . .

Washington- In a recent turn of events, the Bush administration has pulled all military units out of Afghanistan, the Middle East, and most of the Pacific Ocean. Says a U.S. top military aide, "The president has stumbled on perhaps the most effective possible way of ridding the world of terrorism."

In a late call last night to General Colin Powell, the president had revealed the plans which he had just thought up a few hours earlier. General Powell met with reporters early this morning to inform the country as to the ingenious course of actions which would soon call for all American's labor.

At the press conference, General Powell asked for all Americans' help in this sizable endeavor. He said that President Bush first had his revelation while watching the 1993 blockbuster, Jurassic Park. As he sat and watched the movie, the president learned for the first time about the theory of the Chaos Effect. According to the example used in the movie, if a butterfly flaps its wings in Africa, there is a hurricane in Florida.

Bush had then ordered everyone in America, doing their civic duty, to catch as many butterflies as possible. The plan of attack now, is for all the butterflies to be let out of America's houses at once, creating such a wind that all of Afghanistan is bound to be swept under the sea, and the terrorists with it.

Said General Powell, "The Africans have been using the very same weapon against us for centuries. They have many butterflies, not to mention giant grasshoppers over there. I believe just one locust is responsible for the hundreds hurt and even killed by Hurricane Aaron four years ago."

"Afghanistan won't know what hit 'em! If we don't wash them all away like ants, they'll never be able to grow anything except rice. They'll all go hungry!"

Highly ranked meteorologists confirm the facts. "There are more than likely going to be hurricanes in Afghanistan this year. It's inevitable."

In his closing statement, General Powell ask, once again, for Americans help. "No more will our buildings fall from under us. No more will our planes be destroyed. Now it is their turn to pay for what they have done to us. I ask for all true Americans to collect at least ten butterflies, six moths, and two or three lady bugs. The exact date of the attack will be announced later. Let this be a lesson to evil powers in the world; you blow us, and we'll blow back!!!"

One of the most important things Americans must remember is to keep the butterflies warm while more are caught. "Butterflies require lots of food and a steady 85 degrees Fahrenheit. We ask all Americans to keep their houses warm enough through what will probably be a cold winter."





D20 SYSTEM: MUCH BETTER THAN EMINEM'S D12

BY ERIN SNYDER, COLUMNIST

I know I usually use this space to make jokes. If you're reading this hoping for comedy you're not going to find it. Not this issue. I guess I should apologize to you, but I can't. You're the kind of person who's only looking for a laugh. I used to be like you. I used to be a cynic. But that's before I realized that I really **COULD** make a difference. The very same tool I've been using to mock this campus has the power to make it so much better. The D20 system.

Once it occurred to me, it was so obvious. The open-source D20 system has the power to revolutionize the world, if only we can follow its example. Maybe you don't understand what I'm talking about. If you keep reading I'll explain. I'd like to invite you on a journey that might one day change our planet. If you're a cynic or a skeptic: please, do us both a favor and stop reading now. Otherwise, let us begin.

The First-Year Plan

We've had so much trouble trying to work out a first-year plan. Maybe the answer has been in front of us the whole time. Tried and true, the D20 system might be the solution we've been waiting for. When I imagine Hampshire college in the future, I imagine it operating under a system that's less complicated, a system we all know. When Dungeons & Dragons Third Edition was created, they made it open source, imagining a world where any new role-playing system could operate under the

same rules. There would be no more confusion or misunderstanding. Confusion and misunderstanding: that certainly describes my first year. Under the D20 system we could change this. We could have the college we deserve.

Let me explain just how this would work. Each class passed would count towards experience earned: say, 125 points. This experience would eventually allow a student to advance to the second level (I am not permitted to write more on this subject, as level advancement is not open source). Students will receive a 10% experience bonus if his or her prime requisite is 16 or above. If all it took was level advancement, this would never work. A student could simply take classes in one school and finish their first year. Where would that leave us?

Again, the third edition comes to our rescue. First, we would need to make "3rd semester" a prestige class. Like all prestige classes, this would have requirements. We could award a bonus feat for passing a class in any given school. Then, we could make the prestige class "third semester" require a feat in each school. Sounds pretty good, huh? Well, you haven't heard anything, yet.

We could use the same system for division two and three. There's no limit to how much the D20 system could improve our curriculum.

Community Dialogue Project

The CDP is about understanding each other. What better way to understand each other than adopting a single system that we only have to learn once? Until we fully develop skills for listening, we will never effectively come together as a community. The D20 system contains rules for skills which will aid us greatly. Perhaps those unfamiliar with the system don't fully appreciate the difference these bonuses can make. Each point spent on a skill raises the rank by one, provided the skill is purchased "in-class." This results in **A BONUS EQUAL TO YOUR RANK**. Think of how great a listener would be if he or she had a rank of 8. Even a DC 15 would be overcome with the roll of a 7 or higher. I call that progress.

Furthermore, consider how wonderful it would feel to come together and roll our skill checks. We could celebrate good rolls, and comfort each other on the roll of a one (a critical failure).

Catholicism

In many ways, Vatican II was an improvement over the first edition. None the less, I think it is long past time for the Church to follow the example of D&D and conform to the D20 system. Just think of how much better Vatican 3rd could be. By again making Latin the language spoken during mass we could try to regain that first edition (Tridentine) feel that was lost. And just think of the advantages that feats and skills would have for the Church.

Theoretical



Calvinball

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

Hey hampsters, hope you enjoyed your turkey break festivities. I can't say that mine was particularly eventful, besides going two for two on my Thanksgiving football picks, despite some nail-biting moments towards the end of the Detroit/Green Bay game. I guess there was the night spent in a cold, dark cottage on the shore {make sure your idiot friends know how to turn on the power next time} sitting around trying to mix...

Uh-oh. It's about now where I would start to reel off stories of my drug use. But then this column would probably belong in *The Forward*. Because only in the official school newspaper can you get the good columns on doing illegal drugs "to help me with my...headache." I know it's fun to bash *The Forward*, and given their great history of ignomy, all too easy, but this is serious business under all the playful joshing from us. Well, maybe not the

rumble thing, that's all fun and games {did the editor-in-chief in the big office down the hall think we would pass up a chance like that?}. But honestly, forget the bumbings of Peter Kowalke, the rantings of the Red Flag, and the hackings of Isaac Curtis. Heck, all that happened be-

fore I even got here.

I had hoped to cruise through my four years {knock on wood} here with our "official" publication only intermittently publishing its "news." I use those snappy quotation marks because I have yet to see an actual article in *The Forward* begin with a news lead. I know we are a non-traditional school, but there should be some standards when it comes to what you publish in a newspaper. But now it seems to be coming out actually on schedule, marking the first year that *The Forward* has not violated its charter since well, maybe some Div. III student can help me out there. I know how hard it is to actually get stuff out bi-weekly, seeing as *The Omen* has only managed to do it for the last seven years or so.

**I HAVE YET TO SEE AN
ACTUAL ARTICLE IN THE
FORWARD BEGIN WITH
A NEWS LEAD.**

I'll stop now before this sounds too much like sour grapes. It's really not. It's more humorous to me than any-

thing else. But I don't think I'm asking too much to get a little bang for the bucks and bucks that FiCom gives to *The Forward* every semester. And that doesn't mean print another 1500 copies an issue, or whatever outlandish figure it is this semester.

Maybe it is too soon to be

crowning about journalistic responsibility around these parts, but would it kill the editors of *The Forward* to make a better effort to actually tone down the bias, let's say, to *Collegian* or *Valley Advocate* levels? I don't think that is asking for too much. And just so this doesn't come off as too mean-spirited, here's some friendly suggestions:

1. If an issue is controversial, let's say flag burning, give multiple perspectives on it, not just the chic left wing position. This may require research. Not just waiting until someone submits a dissenting opinion to you. You don't get to pick and choose your spots.

2. Would it kill your staff to start news articles with news leads?

3. Find a better place to store your goddamn extra issues. I'm tired of climbing over them in the hall. Maybe you can even distribute them.

But don't think this newfound helpfulness means I won't be waiting for you guys on the library lawn the day after classes end. This is business. That whole "nastaytude" thing hurt me down to the bottom of my heart.

Until next time, one pound of bacon a day {half pound for lunch, half pound for dinner}, one juice {I'm all about cranberry} and all the vodka and water you want. Ten days. One word.





Beth sez GRRR!

BY BETH DAY, COLUMNIST

RANDOM THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

First of all, the picture last week I submitted is actually a note I left on Matthew's door. When I'm angry for reasons related to the fact that he's not around where I can talk to him, I write him one of these amusing notes. I find in the process of making one I'm much less upset by the time I'm done, and they amuse the hell out of Matthew (though he is sorry anyways) and the rest of his hall. They're usually done with construction paper and Crayola marker; alas the black and white Omen cannot provide the full effect.

Going home for Thanksgiving for me is very strange. For all of you who don't know me, my family (well my mom's side) is Southern Baptist, and all of my mom's side of the family (and I do mean all, at least 3 generations back) lives in or around this small town called Arbutus, just outside of Baltimore. This town, and probably a good portion of Southwest Baltimore County/Northern Anne Arundel County, is generally considered by others to be "white trash," trailer parks and all. So as you can imagine, going home from very rural, affluent, extremely left wing Amherst/Hampshire College is always a bit of an experience. How I ended up at Hampshire coming from a background like mine, well, I guess I was just one of those kids who never listened to or believed anything an adult told them. I also went to a very diverse and awesome magnet school, which also probably had a large impact on my thinking.

Now my first shock in coming home was laid upon me by my best friend, before I even really got home. She's getting engaged. My best

friend, who I have known since 7th grade, is getting engaged. I mean it's not that I don't like the guy (though he does creep me out a bit), it's just, it's horrendously scary to me for my close friends to be getting engaged. I mean sure, I have quite a few friends/acquaintances back home who have a kid and are married (usually in that order), but this is my best friend. I guess the sad thing is that she never wanted to go to college in the first place, and if she weren't in college this probably would have happened sooner. I guess my fear is as to whether this is the guy she really wants for like, the rest of her life. I mean she's always been very insecure and fickle with guys, even though every time she swears she's "in love." I hope that she really really is this time.

The first non-immediate family person I saw when I got home was my cousin Jen-Jen. Now Jen is 6 months older than me, being born in May, while I was born in November. In my opinion, there's nothing better than having a cousin your age. Jen and I are complete opposites, and if we weren't cousins, we probably never would have been friends. Yet friends we've been, however far apart. Her dad was in the Navy, and thus they moved all over the country while we were growing up. She's always been one of those people with whom I've never had to feel awkward that I haven't seen her for a while. No excuses or explanations, we're just happy to see each other again. Jen's and my lives have taken a very different turn, one I've felt guilty for. Because of issues within her family, she only got to go to a semester of

college, and has been mostly been working at Chili's since then. She had tried to go back to school at the local state college, but she didn't like it because the classes were so huge. Yet, she's content. She wants to be a Chili's manager (she's a shift manager now), eventually something that involves travel and working with people. She's always been so much more of a bubbly people person than I could ever be. Jen figures she'll go back and take some business classes when she needs them. I think I'm jealous of the strength and self-reliance she's gained through everything she's had to deal with. She's so much more grown-up than I am, and she has a much better sense of who she is and what she wants out of life.

Two of my other close friends back home are roommates at their college back home in Baltimore. One is black and the other is white. My white friend made some comment in a class about how she felt DMX is a bad role model because he uses bad grammar and doesn't portray women in such an excellent light in his music videos. She said how she had a friend who worked with kids and this friend had heard some of the kids singing the songs. Well, some people decided this was a racist statement and things went all over campus (they have fewer people than we do at their school) and people starting harassing her for being racist. She explained what had happened to her roommate (who is black once again if you're getting confused) and asked her if she thought she was racist. My black friend didn't say anything and refused to answer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

So my white friend became quite upset and moved out because things were becoming unbearable, and she drives back and forth between her home and school every day. They've started speaking again, but I doubt that they will live together again or things will ever be quite the same for my white friend at her school again. We'll see. I had wondered if race was as touchy a subject at other schools as it is at Hampshire, and apparently it is. I'm sure the dynamic is a bit different there though because they are much more diverse than we are.

Now I haven't even talked about Thanksgiving itself. Thanksgiving dinner is when all things hidden become revealed and nitpicked. My little cousin, who is 14, is a walking teenage stereotype. She's lovely and more developed than most of her peers, so boys are falling at her feet, and she's a tad spoiled by her parents and the rest of the family because she's the baby of all of us cousins. So she gets what she

wants, and what she gets is everything a teenager could dream of, Abercrombie, N*SYNC, cheerleading and all. I just worry she's too susceptible to peer pressure, and me being the kind of person who always did things my own anti-pop culture way, I'm appalled by all of this. She has an online journal, and the worst thing I can think of for you to do is to put your journal link on your AIM profile where your older cousins can access it. Let's just say, I am very concerned about her and boys, especially since SHE'S the one worried about things "going too slow" in her short relationships. She's also friends with a lot of older kids. I dunno, all of us older cousins have this insane need to protect her from all of life's evils.

Besides these things, there's the every family gathering occurrence where I'm told that I shouldn't be with Matthew because he's not a Christian (and thus, I guess, an awful awful person) and someone asking me whether I'm going to marry him or

not. There's also my brother and stories of his obsessive ex-girlfriend and meeting his new girlfriend. There's the random IM from a friend I haven't seen in a while about how she's living downtown with her boyfriend in the rowhouse they bought. There's the acquaintance from high school that died in a car accident the weekend before. Every time I go home everyone's moving out of the old neighborhood and growing up and starting adult-like lives and dealing with adult-like issues, and then here I am, I don't feel any different. I just turned 20, and it all seems the same, and everyone my age back home lives more grown up and realistic lives than my own. Coming home just makes my life at Hampshire seem silly, and my concerns insignificant, when at home I have friends with kids and friends getting married and friends faced with hard decisions. So there are my "deep" holiday thoughts. College truly is just a way to postpone real life.



D20 SYSTEM

continuations

In a world where Catholicism is starting to lose touch, the D20 system is needed. This is the chance for the Church to open its doors to the public and make the populace feel more welcome. Anyone who knows the D20 system will be on familiar territory. To tell you the truth, I don't see how they have any choice.

When I look back over the history of Dungeons & Dragons, I see a gradual progression towards our present state of openness and equality. In the first edition, women had lower strength than men. Such gender discrimination was removed in the second edition, but they still left racial requirements. For example, under second edition rules a dwarf was not allowed to be a wizard. Sure,

they called these editions "Advanced," but clearly they were not. Unlike the second edition, there are no racial restrictions in the D20 system. The D20 system was created to be open to all. It is time to embrace it.

Before I end this article, I'd like to say a quick word about a friend of mine. This friend is Nick Moen. Without Nick, I don't think I ever could have evolved to the point of being able to write this. Nick helped me grow as a person. He's always been there for me, with helpful things to say. Nick: you are a constant in this turbulent world. You are a true friend. Without your support, I'd fall apart. You are truly a wonderful human being. In game terms, you truly are a natural twenty!



THE GOOD, THE NARSTY, AND THE KRIMPET

Raise your hand if you recognize the word "krimpet!" What about "cruller" (as opposed to something that sounds like "bar" or something)? Until I came here, I didn't realize that some particular companies that produce(d) food are regional. For instance, TastyKakes. Why has the rest of the world been denied their wonder?

Krimpets are included in this aforementioned wonder, and Krimpets come in several varieties. Most notable are butterscotch and jelly. These lovely little numbers are "pastries" (in the same way that a twinkie is a pastry), the jelly variety involving a jelly-like substance in the middle, and the butterscotch variety involving butterscotch icing on the top of said pastry. Personally, I like to leave them in the freezer, and then take them out and eat them.

And then there are peanut butter Kandy Kakes. The joy contained within one of these inch and a half delights is immeasurable. First, take cake. Everyone likes cake. Then, take a little bit of peanut butter, and spread it across said cake. Sounds good so far, right? Now, what if we were to add the delight of delights, the crown jewel of sweet delights worldwide, the illustrious chocolate? However, instead of putting it on top, or on bottom. . .let's put this *all around* the cake and peanut butter. Yes! Peanut butter with cake, with chocolate all around! I reiterate: yes!

Also, I was unaware that Herr's is regional. They make potato chips and similar snack foods. They're like Lay's or Utz, only they're local to the PA, NJ, or whatever area. Their rippled potato chips reign su-

preme; they have a delightful potato-y *substance*. I am not particularly fond of potato chips, but these potato chips have captured my heart in all of their salty greasy glory.

So, I said I'd write some stuff about villains, so I might as well do it, since I've got no excuse. I'll reiterate for those of you that might be suspicious of my motives: I am not attempting to intrude upon your sacred literary territory. I'm writin' some shit with role-playing in mind that *might also* be related to writing fiction since they're both a form of storytelling.

Somewhat in line with villain nastiness is a page I've had the pleasure of reading: The Book of Dirty Tricks. The Book of Dirty Tricks, while no longer available on the creator's site, is available on my site (and I got permission, so ha):

<http://gibson.hampshire.edu/~trahari/themage/book-of-nasty.html>

I *highly* recommend this page; it's full of all sorts of suggestions for PCs or NPCs that are as equally badass as resourceful. In fact, there're one hundred of them, and they're numbered! Because I am lame and Dorian wants to write her article, I will excerpt a few mildly edited choice morsels:

37.) Sniper trouble? If communications isn't a problem, call the local news company, tell them you're the sniper; make outrageous demands. Let everyone know where "you" are. If it's a difficulty, communication-wise, try setting something on fire, and throwing it away from your covered position. With any luck, it'll bring in the cops and fire department once it spreads.

90.) Places to Set Up Shop 101: abandoned warehouses are deathtraps. Ditto for penthouses. Try a crackhouse. They're fuckin' fortresses. The police have designed tanks to break the tougher ones open. Wow. It takes a fuckin' *tank*. Do the math, genius. The other guy's probably gonna need one, if you set yourself up in one of these places. OK, so it's not ethical, moral, or even particularly safe... but then again, neither are most player's *normal* homes.

6.) Want to get information out the supernatural critter, and running out of ideas? Try using a cattle prod in new, and interesting ways. Failing that, try bleach. Then, a racial fear. Like a silver nitrate enema. OR a wood splinter bath (fill a tub with alcohol and shredded wood). Ouch. Yup. They'll talk. You just got to give them the urge to share, is all.

79.) Never underestimate the power of your environment to provide a worthwhile weapon. Car antennas hurt like hell if you whip 'em at a fella's eyes. Ditto for a thrown hubcap. Use a door as a swinging bashing device. Pin a guy with a flag pole. Throw a lawn gnome at his head. For real sick fun, start packing a sock full of broken glass. Whap. Ouch.

14.) Remember: if they capture you alive, it is your solemn responsibility to ruin their lives. They post a single guard, snuff or cripple him. If they post two, do your best to get them at each other's throats. If they are transporting you, try to down the vehicle. Or, just render it uninhabitable. You'd be surprised how a little vomit can ruin a prisoner transfer vehicle.

77.) How to Win the Fight, Before it Starts, part I: if it's a formal

WHY I EAT APPLES

BY TOM FLANIGAN, CONTRIBUTOR

Some have noticed that I am perhaps over-fond of apples. Here I respond to them.

"The soul knows for certain only that it is hungry. The important thing is that it announces its hunger by crying. A child does not stop crying if we suggest to it that perhaps there is no bread. It goes on crying just the same. The danger is not lest the soul should doubt whether there is any bread, but lest, by a lie, it should persuade itself that it is not hungry."

— Simone Weil

I have always believed that the mouth and the soul are intimately connected. The sense of taste is the province of our soul. Sight is the sense of the intellect, it is rational and clear. Hearing is the sense of our intuition. It can be indistinct, the tone of another's voice that leads us to doubt or wonder, or blaringly loud and shocking. Touch is perhaps the most elevated of the senses, for it is the essence of sexual sensualism.

The mouth, however, is the seat of the soul. There is something about the sight of the mouth — how, for instance, it is in fact an open space surrounded by lips and throat, teeth, gums, and tongue — that reminds me of how I would envision the structure of the soul. Consider that the greatest portraits are the ones that best capture the shape, form, and expression of the mouth. Why do these paintings succeed? Because, in portraying the mysterious smile, the dribbling leer, or the innocent grin, they express the soul of the character portrayed.

If, as Weil rightly suggests, our

souls are hungry, then the mouth is nearly always involved in the manner in which we feed ourselves. Gorging ourselves to a stupor, intoxication, smoking, reading poetry, prayer, singing, even sex and all of the hedonistic pleasures — the mouth is the central focus point of these activities.

A toddler or an infant explores the world chiefly through his or her mouth.

You do not fully understand a rock or anything else really until you pop it into your mouth, twirl it around with your tongue, hear it clink against your teeth, and then spit it out and consider the saliva-sheened object lying in the palm of your grubby hand.

So why do I eat apples? For the same reason that I continue to bite my nails now, sucked my thumb as a child, and chewed on my shirt collar as an older child. It is also for the same reason that I sometimes used to walk around in circles for days as a young man, shoot basketball hoops endlessly (although I was never any good), read for hours upon hours, browse the internet, and draw.

The apple is one of the most perfect objects in existence. No wonder that Eve plucked it from the tree. It fits into one's hand perfectly, it is a solid weight. The taste, texture, and smell of the apple is a wonderful thing. The first bite of the apple is rightly described as the best bite, and when my teeth first crisply snap through the tight outer skin and into the flesh of the apple, and when there is the first sudden infusion of juices, and when the tip of your tongue first feels that firm moistness — why, then for a moment, my soul is still.



SECTION
SWEET

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXVI

by M. Zole

www.zole.org

On The Last Death To The Extremist

I THINK YOU
CROSSED THE
LINE WITH
THAT ONE.

1

2

YEAH, WELL... UH.

1

2

WILL YOU ACCEPT
THIS RAIL-ROAD
TIE AS A PEACE
OFFERING?

1

2

ON BEHALF OF
DEATH TO THE
EXTREMIST AND ITS
CREATOR MICHAEL
ZOLE, I ACCEPT.

1

2

1

2

NOW LET'S
HAVE A HUG.

1

2

HEY, I DON'T
HAVE ANY ARMS.

1

2

1

2

1

2

fin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

THE GOOD, THE NARSTY...

continuations

fight, mutter that if you lose, you'll pay six crackheads to rape his family. He'll lose, or break the rules trying to kill you. Either way, it's a win for you. Unless he kills you. Then, it's a win, but for him, instead.

78.) How to Win the Fight, Before it Starts, part II: if it's an informal fight, as in a back alley brawl, the rules are changed. Let him know you'll have his

family raped by crackheads if you *win*. He'll fight hard, and make a mistake like leaning over you and gloating. Time enough to aim a shot for the bridge of his nose. Sucker punches work miracles.

Thus ends my article. Next time, I'll talk about The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly, and I ain't talkin about the movie!





LAUGHING AT THIS ARTICLE MEANS YOU'RE INSENSITIVE

BY ROSALINA VALDEZ, COLUMNIST

With only a number of days left in this semester a lot of us are feeling very stressed out. For the most part, we can say that after classes end, the stress is over and we can enjoy our winter breaks. However, that's not always the case. This article is going to deal with depression and suicide. The reason I'm writing this is because the rate of suicides increases around this time of year and I feel that it doesn't hurt to know the facts about this illness and ways you can possibly help someone you know.

For many people, depression and suicide are alien concepts. "How can someone be so sad as to want to take their life?" You'd be surprised. For a person who is depressed or suicidal, it's as if someone were piling weight upon their shoulders until they collapse. No matter how hard they try to sustain themselves they just can't do it.

According to the National Mental Health Association (NMHA), "almost 5,000 young people, ages 15 to 24, kill themselves". The rate of suicide amongst this age group has tripled since the 60s. Suicide deaths are the second leading cause of death for college students.

Think about that for a second.

Dealing with depression and suicide is very difficult. Many don't want to admit that they have a problem and end up keeping what they feel bottled up inside. "Four out of five people who attempt suicide have given warning signs," (NMHA) here are some signs:

Suicide threats, direct and indi-

rect; Obsession with death; Poems, essays and drawings that refer to death; Dramatic change in personality or appearance; Irrational, bizarre behavior; Overwhelming sense of guilt, shame or reflection; Changed eating or sleeping patterns; Severe drop in school performance; Giving away belongings.

If someone you know exhibits these signs and you are lead to believe that they may be considering taking their life, get them help.

Some people may know that a friend has considered suicide and want to help but don't say a thing. Many times the person who is suicidal will have the friend promise not to tell anyone. Think about it this way: You can make your friend happy by not telling anyone but you also risk having to end up taking flowers to that friend's funeral. It's best to have a friend that hates you for what they did than to have them dead.

Things you can do in case you think someone you know is considering suicide:

Talk to them and see what's the matter: Never underestimate the power that being a listener wields. Just remember when you're with the person, be attentive and don't preach. Let them talk about their feelings.

Pay attention: Watch out for any mention of inflicting harm or suicide. And, as difficult as it may be, don't be afraid to ask directly if they have considered hurting themselves or attempting suicide. These questions could be the difference between life and death.

Get help: If you think you're not getting through to them and/or you feel that no matter what you do they're going to inflict harm upon themselves get someone to help. Get a parent, school official, or a trusted adult to intervene.

If you're feeling suicidal or depressed, you may want to seek some help. Admitting that you have these feelings doesn't make you a bad or weak person. You also don't have to feel like you can handle this all on your own. It's alright to admit that you can't deal with things by yourself and you need someone to help you.

Right now, like I mentioned before a lot of us are very stressed out due to schoolwork. This is also a difficult time for first years. They've had their first taste of "college life" and it can range anywhere from being great, decent, to god awful. And let's not forget the fact that we're also nearing the holidays. Instances of depression and suicide rise during this time. People feel/are alone and don't know how to deal.

If you feel that you need help while you're on campus, know that you can get it from:

Counselor Advocates: Call 5756. Someone you can talk to will be paged.

Hampshire College Health Services: Call 5458. You can set up an appointment to talk to a counselor.

If you're back at home and need to talk to someone, you can try:

Your physician: Remember what you say to your doctor, by law, is confidential so you don't have to worry about what you tell them and having it get back to your parents.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE FIRE

It occurs to her now, after the police have left, that she forgot the cat. Just plain forgot it. The cat she had cared for, nursed, theoretically loved, for over fifteen years. Forgotten. She got the PlayStation out.

Laura packs up her things, what's left of them anyway, and heads for the emergency housing of her parents. Her parents. You'll come crawling back, they said, and how right they were. But how was she supposed to anticipate a fire that took out her whole apartment and the floor above? Mice in the wiring. Her cat was supposed to eat those fucking mice. Oh well. No cat, no mice, no nothing. That would teach her to trust animals of any kind. From now on, she was sticking to Chia pets. No complaints about those botanical creatures gnawing through everything. She'd loved that cat. How could it betray her?

Two hours before the fire, two mice and a cat are having a tea party, vaguely reminiscent of Alice and Wonderland. They have restrung the wires in order to hang Christmas lights. They light candles, and sing a very merry unbirthday, to you, to me. There is crumbcake. The cat, officially named Boopsie, loves crumbcake. He does not like being called Boopsie. When there's a spark in the wiring that causes a flame that causes a fire that causes the building to burn, Boopsie's not sorry. Who names their cat Boopsie? He'll be called the Great and Powerful Muffin from now on.

Laura was born in the middle of the nineteen seventies. Having turned twenty-five in the year 2000, she decided that the new millennium signified a new dating regime, and she needed to help instigate the revolution. Unfortunately, her dating life took a turn for the worse when she returned to living with her parents. Every time a man came to her door, it wasn't her door. It was her parents' door. She had to introduce her parents to every boy she was even considering snogging. And if

she wanted to wear a short dress, watch out. Hemlines above the knee meant there better be a promise of marriage. Twenty-five year old virgin. Obviously.

As smoke still rose from the rubble that was apartment 4, a small black cat crawled from his protective trashcan and surveyed the scene. His tail twitched in agitation. Laura, that bitch. I bet she took the fish with her. Tuna! I want tuna right now!

The man Laura was dating as the fire began was named Gerald. He worked for his father as a store manager when he wasn't doing large lines of coke. He knew a lot about produce, a lot about the grocery business. But mostly, he knew about drugs. Laura didn't know that, but he was having a harder time keeping it from her. Doing coke in a restaurant bathroom was never the smartest idea, but what was a guy gonna do? And if he ended coming over to her place, if she ever had a place again, she might notice the rolled up dollar bills and residual white powder. Dammit, she seemed like such a nice girl. Why couldn't she be a junkie?

Across town, where the skater crowd still pretends it's the eighties, someone is making a deal. On the skater side, there's Kiki. Kiki has little pigtails and a cut-off t-shirt and pants made out of parachutes. Her ears have 4 holes each, and they're all pierced with safety pins. Kiki is all over 14, but she's got a 20 year old boyfriend that makes her feel mature. And she owns her skateboard. Not like, she bought it therefore she owns it. She stole the skateboard. But she owns it. She controls like a master, she owns. The road owns her, but she has her place in the equilibrium of it all. Skaters are still as close to zen as you can get if you stick to the east coast.

Gerald knows Kiki. He bought coke from her when he was in a spot last Christmas. He's strangely attracted to her. Big tits for someone that young, but the tits aren't it. It's gotta be the pigtails.



LAUGHING AT THIS ARTICLE...

The front of your local phone book: You can find the number to the closest crisis center or hotline.

www.hopeline.com (also 1.800.suicide): This website features RIES (a referral information evaluation system). A quick way to get the number and location of crisis centers.

"Suicide [and depression are] not chosen; [they

happen] when pain exceeds resources for coping with pain." (www.metanoia.org/suicide)

There are ways with dealing with your depression and pain.

Suicide shouldn't be one of them.

I hope you all have a restful and happy winter break.



continuations

When we arrived, the Winnebago was exactly where it had been for the past year. But tonight, for the first time in quite a while, it was lit on the inside again. Apparently, it was being powered by an extension cord running from an outlet in his garage. I quickly asked Mark if he was ready to talk about it yet, and he simply replied, "No. I'm not drunk enough yet."

And so, we took part in the hamburgers and hot dogs and bacon, grilled to pure satisfaction and FDA standards. We listened to some old stories, and chatted with other friends here for the same purpose: to see what Mark had to say about the living out of and final departure with his first dream since college ended. Jacob Chabot was present, as well as Wade Stuckwisch, Michelle Beach, and Travis Dale. The turnout was truly amazing.

Finally, the moment arrived, and Mark pulled himself to the top of the Brave. He looked out, across the audience, and everyone fell silent. I was lucky enough to have video recorded the event for posterity. It was a good thing I did, because I would have kicked myself for not have gotten Mark Hugo on tape saying what he did when he finally opened his mouth: "The Winnebago: one of the dumbest things I've ever done. I'm an idiot. Don't live like me. The Winnebago." After this stunning statement, he opened the session up for questioning.

When asked what would become of the Winne-bago, Mark said

that there was one of two things possible: 1) it would be donated to the Multiple Sclerosis Foundation, "...so that a team of super human Multiple Sclerosis victims, could go around the country, saving animals." Or 2) it would be donated to the Jewish Children's Foundation.

Upon being asked if he bought the Winnebago because of the movie "X-Men,"

Mark replied, "Partially. I thought it was cool that Wolverine lived in a trailer. And then I was just going to get a trailer, but then I thought, wouldn't it be cooler if I had a Winnebago ... that ran?" The words "It sure is cool!" suddenly flew sarcastically from one of the many onlookers below, and Hugo only sneered at him, and then an-

swered with a smartass, "Bite me," at which point, he descended from the top of the Winnebago.

Although the moment had come and gone so quickly, I know that it will live in all of our memories, for years to come. And although this dream may have come to an end, I know that Mark Hugo is an idea man, and idea men like Mark Hugo don't cry after falling down.

Oh no! They stand right back up again and trudge along to another sore victory. The Winnebago may have won the battle, but Mark will assuredly win the war.

Needless to say, we left with smiles on our faces, and a video tape full of blackmail ... when the right time comes along.



Hugo Speaks to the Masses.



On top of the mighty Brave, Mark smokes a mighty stogie.



WORLD WIDE WTF?

abomination. Let me back up a bit: I did a CS Div I in web site usability, and in doing this I learned one important thing: web sites have to be easy to use. And that's pretty much *all* they have to be. Anyone who has ever used the web knows this subconsciously. If you go to a web site that is confusing or hard to use, you either just leave, or you use it with a vague but increasing sense of frustration. When people see Hampshire's new web site, that is how they will react. Hampshire's web site will have a harder time retaining people than Hampshire itself.

The mock-up of the new web site, while incomplete as of this writing, is fundamentally flawed. Why is it so bad? Here's a sampling: It is complicated for no good reason. It is done entirely in Macromedia Flash, which means it crams all its content into a box the size of a postcard (and in the process it excludes anyone who doesn't know how to install a plug-in). It has scrolling text, which is pointless and hard to read. It wastes half of the postcard on a pseudo-3D display of

some meaningless colored planes — turns out those are links to "documentaries". Run your mouse over one of the planes and it rises off the ground, and a description of the documentary appears. Cute, eh?

This is a stupid way to present information. Let's imagine you want to look at a specific documentary. Aside from meaningless color-coding, there's no way to tell which box goes to which documentary just from looking at the page. You are forced to either mouse over each box until you find the one you want, or pull down a (tiny) menu with the names of the documentaries. Oh, you'd get what you want eventually, but there is no reason for it to be this complicated — a list of descriptive links in pure, non-moving HTML would get you there quicker and with much less confusion. The navigation might not be "engaging", but that's like asking a remote control to be "engaging". Navigation is a tool.

The new Hampshire site was designed by a firm called Gen-

eration, and though their designers are talented, they've missed the point. Web sites are not cool interactive playgrounds for people to explore. Web sites are for conveying information. If you think otherwise, you've never tried to actually do anything on the web. When a prospective student visits www.hampshire.edu and sees a lot of enigmatic scrolling text and links that may or may not lead to useful information, she isn't going to stick around and explore. She's going to go to Oberlin. On the World Wide Web, the user is in control, and users won't (and shouldn't) tolerate a site that tries to take that control away.

If you'd like to know more about why scrolling text and complicated navigation schemes suck, visit Jakob Nielsen's web site at www.useit.com or read his book, *Designing Web Usability*. He may be kind of a hardass when it comes to keeping sites simple and easy to use, but at the end of the day, you know he's right.



EX-ZAK-TLY

activists. Or Gabe Valdez, who in his first semester has decided what he wants to study at Hampshire, struck up several friendships (including friendships with his orientation leader and the TA to one of his classes, relationships which are intended to be awkward and distant), has laid out plans to start up an Intran TV series, has starred in another intran TV series, and if surveillance

footage is to be believed, has even gained a girlfriend. And he's tall.

If you need further proof of the spread of Uppity Bastards this year, and if so I can only conclude that you are either in denial or an Uppity Bastard yourself, just look at Kendra Greaves, who is a psychopath.

I'm not trying to say that these are bad people. I know

that all they're trying to do is live their life to the fullest and get the most out of their education. All I'm trying to say is that everything that's bad about the modern world is their fault, and that in order to fix our society they should be expelled, and by expelled I mean we should hit them with sticks. If we don't, then I fear for the future.



continuations

continuations

sal forces. The title comes from the fact that the protagonist is Dream. Even though published by a huge corporation, Sandman had all the hallmarks of an independent publication—namely, one driving mind behind it. Neil Gaiman is a genius. But unfortunately, it has at times fallen prey to the slings and misfortunes that corporate comics are heir to. For instance, it was (and still is) part of the DC universe. After a while, DC split off a chunk of their publications into Vertigo, and I think that the Vertigo universe broke away from the rest of the DC universe. Sandman became part of Vertigo. This means that Sandman still had characters from other parts of the DC/Vertigo world. Especially in the beginning. In the first few issues, Neil Gaiman tried to relate Sandman to many other DC publications. A great number of the characters come from earlier titles, including the concept itself. So I guess that, in a way, I have to be grateful for the DC universe, because it gave Neil Gaiman the seed for his work. However, the early parts of Sandman, where he treats the story as part of the universe, aren't as good. The story gets much better when he begins to ignore the rest of the DC universe.

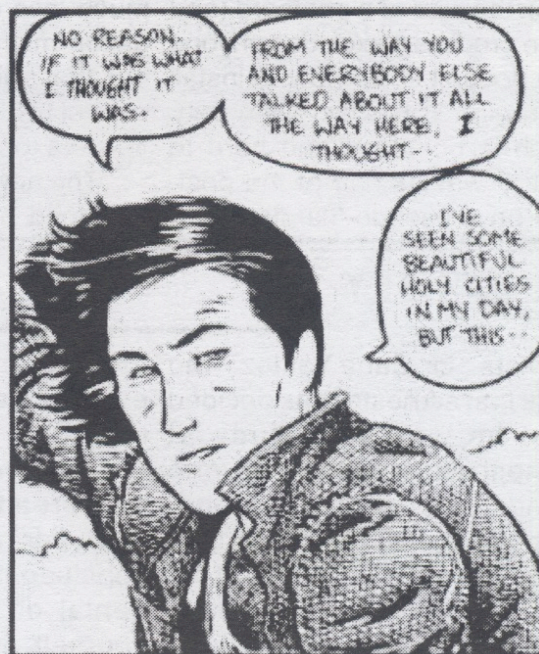
Even more than that, however, Sandman suffered after it came to an end. Because Neil Gaiman owned much of it, and because he was a genius, DC wasn't able to continue the series as such after he finished it. However, they created a spin-off. People wanted more Sandman, and DC was willing to make money by giving it to them. But the writers of the series didn't accept their place as glori-

fied fan-fic, and thought that they were actually writing the next chapter in the story (yes, Caitlin R. Kiernan, I'm talking to you). The spin-off, *The Dreaming*, just went too far, and started fucking around with all kinds of things. Sigh. Anyhow, you should read Sandman, as well as the other titles I mention.

Now we move on, or maybe back, to *ElfQuest*, the first comic I read. *ElfQuest* was created by Wendy and Richard Pini, a husband and wife team. It started in 1978, and has been published on-and-off ever since then. Wendy and Richard created their own company in order to publish it, Warp Graphics. Warp has only ever published *ElfQuest*. It's a fantasy story, set on another world, about elves (duh). Wendy Pini is the best comic artist ever, ever. Anyhow, for almost 15 years *ElfQuest* existed as the work of two people and two people only. All the stories were good, and there were no inconsistencies. Unfortunately, at one point they decided to let other people write and draw parts of the comic. At one point they were publishing I think six different titles, about different groups on the world, some set in different time periods. And this is where the inconsistencies started. There aren't too many, at least, and they've never "reset continuity" or anything. But a few bad things have slipped through. I just want

them to stop having other people do it, and take a little break, then come back with the stories Wendy has promised us (she's not currently doing the comic, since she's in Hollywood working on the movie). I don't like seeing my first comic love, and one of the first ever indie comics, slip so close to the ills of large-company publishing.

Then there's *Strangers In Paradise*, by Terry Moore. It's about this girl, and this other girl, and a guy, and some other people... and there are the parts with the mob and the police and the rock star, but mainly it's about people being friends and being in love and ordering pizza and stuff. It's the only pure fiction, rather than fantasy or sci-fi, story among my four faves, so for you folks who don't like sci-fi or fantasy, check out SIP. I think SIP is about at the ten-year mark



A picture of Jaeger.
Art by Carla Speed McNeil.

now. It's been the work, both writing and art, of one guy the whole time. He was publishing as his own company, then went to Image for a while, then left and publishes himself again. Image, for those who don't know, will publish titles that are creator-owned. Most of what they publish is people who couldn't afford the publishing and distribution hassles and costs of self-publishing, so they hop on board at Image, and get to keep ownership of their work (unlike the big companies, who own what they publish). Anyhow, SIP had what seemed like a close call lately- the revelation that the last few issues, rather than actually happening, were a fantasy someone had of what could occur in the future. But that's not the same as a continuity reset, even though it can be frustrating. Terry Moore has, unfortunately, let a few inconsistencies slip into SIP. But it's still a very good story, with great art and wonderful characters. And all the dead people have stayed dead. Not even that "Ha, you thought I was dead, but I wasn't!" trick, which even ElfQuest pulled once.

Next we come to my favorite comic being currently published, Finder (Sandman is over, and ElfQuest isn't doing issues right now). Finder is by the amazing Carla Speed McNeil. This woman is producing some of the most interesting and experimental work out there, fully utilizing the possibilities of the comic medium. She is writer, artist, publisher, and only person in her company, Light Speed Press. Finder, and its little sister miniseries Mystery Date, are set on a fascinating world that may be another universe, may be a future Earth, may be a future colony of Earth.... Who knows? They sing along to Aretha Franklin, plug their holographic AIs into 1970s style

wall sockets, and have Centaur taxi drivers. She also includes footnotes, which show you all the references she makes, some of which are to popular culture and some of which are to other things on that world. The woman knows so much about her world that she hasn't shown us yet- so much. The main character is Jaeger (not his real name- to tell the truth, he doesn't know his real name), a Finder. What that is, is difficult to explain. He finds things. Other than that, read the comic. I'd lend it to you if Zak Kaufman returned it to me. Is he done with it yet? The first story arc, the first 14 issues, doesn't make sense until the end. And then you have to read it a few more times. I reread it this summer, after going up through issue 22 (the most recent at that point) and it made a lot of sense, and I noticed things that you can't even notice until you've read that far. The story rocks. And Lynne rocks. And the Laeske and the Nyima rock. The Nyima are women with lion heads. The Laeske look kinda like huge versions of archaeopteryx, like giant, intelligent, fast lizard-birds.

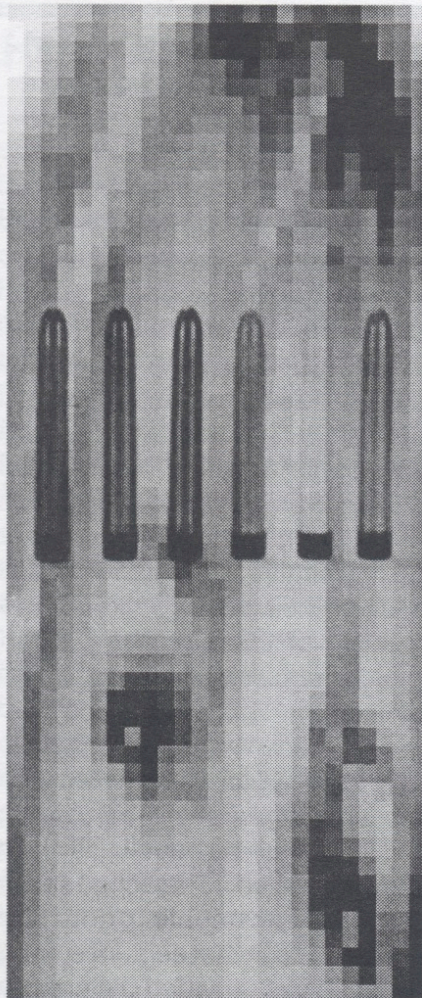
The world of Finder is awesome. The characters are awesome. The story-structure is amazing. And there haven't been any inconsistencies that I've noticed, even when it seems very confusing. The closest thing to an inconsistency is that for the first four or so issues, Jaeger's people are called Indians, and then she switches to calling them Ascians. But it very well may be that Ascians is their name, and Indians is just something silly outsiders call them. And really, as the closest thing to an inconsistency, that's amazingly small. And as I said, Carla Speed McNeil is very good at using comics art to the best effect. I will de-

scribe one example- it doesn't come across as well in words, but I can't include the picture, because as I stated earlier, Zak still has my issues. I've included another picture that I got off her website.

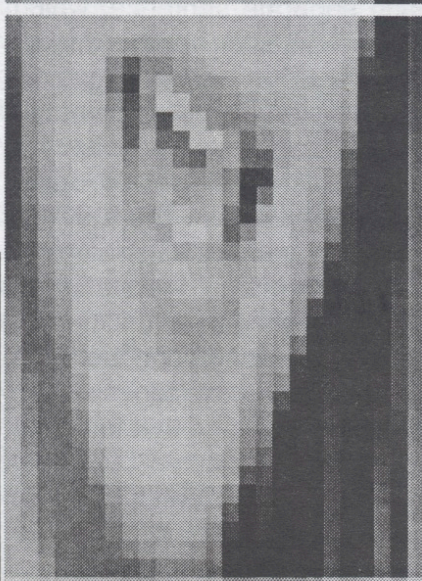
This panel I wish to discuss is set in a large classroom at a university. It's one of those huge auditoriums, like they have at UMass but not, thank god, at Hampshire. The auditorium is full of students, chatting before the professor arrives. The picture is a wide view, so the students are just tiny circles for heads. The air is full of their conversation. The majority of the picture is little speech bubbles with fragments of talk in them. This gets across the babble in a way that a prose description couldn't. A writer of prose could just say, "The classroom was full of babble as the students waited." The actual sensation of the babbling doesn't come across in that sentence, but it does in this crowded picture. It is the visual equivalent of a room full of sound. The room full of sound effect could be more faithfully reproduced in a movie, but even here comics offer an advantage. The picture allows you to read each separate sentence, which you couldn't tease apart as they simultaneously sounded in a movie. And she puts interesting little snippets in those speech bubbles.

This is why I get so upset when people take the state of story and art in a mainstream superhero comic as the standard, and believe that is all that can be done in comics. I continue to insist that very great stories can be told in comics, and that the artistic value can be incredibly high. If you don't believe me, please look at some good comics.





SECTION SEX



DEEPLYFUCKED.COM PICK OF THE WEEK

Breeden's deeplyfucked pick of the week comes from an open submission, open content porn site created by a hampshire alum. (not Breeden) Most of the submissions were written by hamp students, friends, enemies, alums, smithies... These are people you might see every day... and not know it.

#23

There's something about it when he fucks me, using the cock I picked out for him, the one so big I was almost embarrassed to show it to him in the store - me, the sex positive radical pervert, the too much is just enough boy. It's big, that's all I'll say, bigger than the one I use to fuck him with, outsized in the neat shoebox under the bed where he keeps the good stuff, and when he rises off me to put it on and turns to face me I feel the hot flush of "oh, yes," mixed with "holy shit," I take a condom from him and put it on myself, it's my job when he's going to fuck me to put the condom on, to work it down over the head of his dick. He kisses me while I do, gliding his tongue in and out of my mouth, fucking my mouth with it - that's our unspoken signal that I want to get fucked, when I let him do that he knows I'm willing to roll over, that I want to, that I want him inside me, and I grab my ankles while he pushes in, all the way to the balls in the first thrust, on my back on the bed like a girl, missionary, I like it because I can see him but it isn't the thing, it makes my legs cramp and my back hurt and I can't quite get enough - I want to turn over, get up on my hand and knees, take it from behind. He knows it. He fucks me deep but also slow at first, saving his strength for what's

coming, teasing me with the possibilities, fucking me just a little too gently, a little too slowly, until I need to turn over so much that I ask for it, that I announce my desire to him, say: I want to get up on my hands and knees for you. Yeah? he asks: You gonna put your ass up in the air, for me, turn over, you want me to fuck you like that? still keeping all of his weight down on me, not backing up, not until I say Yes, yes, please, please.

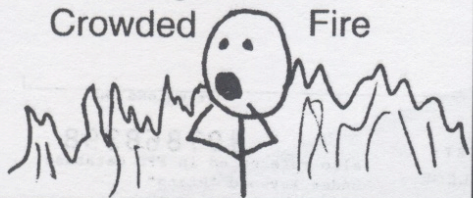
And then there it is. I back up onto your dick, bracing myself against the headboard, using my arms and the strength of my big frame all in service of keeping still and solid so you can get all the way in, so your cock hits bottom just the way I like, opening me up, making space in me where there wasn't one before, making me sing a constant stream of praise, acting out your desire, pouring it into me, fucking me hard even as I exhort you to fuck me harder, even as I slip into porn star dialogue - fuck me harder, give it to me, yeah, fuck me like your first piece of ass, do it, slam it in, fuck me like a bitch, I love it - and none of it seeming trite in the sweat of the moment, I forget about how huge the dick looks in the cold light of examination and only focus on how good it feels right now, how good you are right now, fucking me just the way you know I like it, pulling my ass back against your thighs with every thrust, not stopping, not stopping until I come - hard, yelling - and then collapsing on top of me, damp, out of breath, the great big plastic cock between us, sticky, still ready for action.

by: Bear



SUBMITTED BY ERIC BREEDEN, CONTRIBUTOR

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



GWYNNE PRESENTS OMEN DVD ALTERNATE ENDINGS!

BY GWYNNE WATKINS, COLUMNIST

Mark Hugo

...and so I say, fuck you.
Fuck you very much.

Greg Prince

"In conclusion, while I do not condone the actions of The Omen, I support their right to make frickin idiots of themselves, as the freedom to make these choices is an integral part of our beloved institution. Um, anyone feel moved to give us money?"

JK Rowling

Professor Snape glared menacingly at the class, though Harry thought he noticed a small wink in Malfoy's direction.

"All right then — let's see how your anti-Omen potions turned out. And remember: The Omen is a worthy opponent, known for its outright stubbornness in the face of adversity. Many mediocre wizards" - he glanced at Harry - "have outright failed. Hermione, would you like to demonstrate your attempt to the class?"

Hermione carefully tipped her potion onto the table. Out of the beaker emerged a folded piece of newsprint with bad layout.

"My potion formulates a rival newspaper to battle The Omen," Hermione explained, looking slightly embarrassed. "Unfortunately, the Devoted Staff and Experienced Editor

spells aren't very effective."

"Of course not," sneered Snape. "This is The Omen's best weapon against counter-spells - its devoted staff and followers. Let us see if Mr. Malfoy has had any more success."

Draco Malfoy smirked and poured his potion over the head of Neville, who was looking very confused in the seat beside him. Suddenly, Neville was no longer on Neville's chair; he had been replaced by a sealed envelope.

"That," said Malfoy, "is a subpoena from the Office of Student Affairs, declaring that the Omen has violated community norms and must go to trial."

Snape took the envelope off the chair and broke the seal.

"Very impressive, Malfoy. Unfortunately, this letter is riddled with spelling errors - but I'll assume that's because you chose Neville to transform. Fifty points to Slytherin."

"Wait a minute!" shouted Harry, rising from his seat. "You said yourself that The Omen has never been stopped by a school hearing!"

"Yes," Snape said impatiently, "but as far as opposing strategies go, it's far superior to what your friend Hermione has come up with."

Ron nearly lept out of his seat, but Harry calmly raised his hand.

"Professor Snape? May - may I go next?"

Before Snape could grimace, Harry had picked up his wand, tapped his beaker of potion, and shouted (*italics*) "Omennicula!" A scream came from the class as Snape seemed to liquify, as if being sucked into a grate on the floor.

"Harry, you bastard!" Snape roared. "You've used the Omen's powers against me! I am helpless against their Power of Suck! Damn you, Harry Potter!"

And with that, Snape disappeared completely. There was an awed silence, interrupted by Hermione.

"Harry Potter! It is completely against the rules to murder a professor with a Wanky Liberal Arts spell! What do you have to say for yourself?"

Harry grinned at his millions of innocent, childlike readers.

"Y i p p e e - k i - i - a y , motherfuckers."

Eric Carle



YEAR ALONG LINE

film
preservation
society

FILM PRESERVATION SOCIETY
BOX 289, HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE
893 WEST STREET
AMHERST, MA 01002

#97868398

also referenced in FPS database
under keyword "ptang"

shot analysis

POOTIE TANG IS A NOTEWORTHY FILM
BECAUSE OF ITS INVENTIVE USE OF
COMPUTER GENERATED GRAPHICS (CGI).

SPECIAL EFFECTS SEQUENCE 1A



BULLET ENTERS
FRAME FROM RIGHT

FRAME 1



BULLET RICOCHETS
OFF POOTIE TANG'S
PONYTAIL

FRAME 2



BULLET CHANGES
COURSE AND FLIES
AT CAMERA

FRAME 3



BULLET APPROACHES
CAMERA

FRAME 4



BULLET EXITS FRAME
LEAVING POOTIE TANG
UNSCATHED

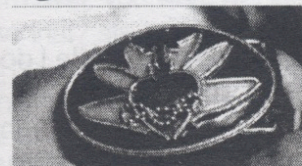
FRAME 5

pootie tang

2001, USA
english
color



LANCE CROUTHER AS POOTIE TANG



POOTIE TANG'S BELT

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY LOUIS C.K.

EDITED BY DOUG ABEL

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: WILLY KURANT

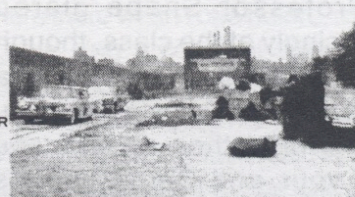
STARRING: LANCE CROUTHER, WANDA SYKES

CHRIS ROCK, ROBERT VAUGHN

RUNNING TIME: 81 MINUTES (USA)

CUT ALONG LINE

LOUIS C.K.'S BUSY
MISE-EN-SCENES
PROVIDE A
HARROWING POR-
TRAIT OF AN INNER
CITY IN TURMOIL



TOP: A DRUG DEAL IN
THE INNER CITY
LEFT: BIGGIE SHORTY
(WANDA SYKES) IS
SOLICITED FOR SEX



A STRIKING USE
OF DEEP FOCUS

mark of an auteur: louis c.k.



TOTAL CHARACTERS: 5



TOTAL CHARACTERS: 9

FILM THEORIST JAMES MONACO
WRITES: "LOUIS C.K. IS PERHAPS
BEST KNOWN FOR HIS USE OF
MULTIPLE CHARACTERS IN
THE SAME FRAME. MANY OF THE
GREAT DIRECTOR HAVE HAD
TROUBLE WITH THIS IDEA BUT I
THINK MR. C.K. STRIKES A
PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN
EMPTY SPACE AND CHARACTERS."